

made who without it would have remained unemployed.

So you see that while old Boreas was blowing icicles into our whiskers and Jack Frost was having fun with our fingers and ears and noses and toes, they were both philanthropically engaged, too, and we have reason to be thankful for their recent capers.

PATCHWORK OF SUNDAY LAWS.

Mr. Hoffman, of New York, has introduced in the Assembly a bill amending section 55 of the Penal Code so as to allow Sunday billiard playing in the metropolis. It is couched in these words:

It shall be lawful in cities having a population of 100,000 or more for any person or persons to play billiards in any place or places for lawful gaming, play a game or games known as billiard pool, or billiards, on the first day of the week.

It is to be earnestly desired that no such measure shall be placed upon the statute books of the State. It would form a piece of special legislation of a peculiarly illogical nature. Either the New York Sunday observance laws as they stand are right or they are wrong in their application to the whole State. They cannot be made right for one community, or for two communities, and wrong for the rest. To attempt to make them so would be to bring about confusion of the worst sort, by means of patchwork legislation.

The popular feeling that the present Sunday statutes are too much of the old blue-law stamp is undoubtedly stronger in New York and Brooklyn than in the smaller and less cosmopolitan cities of the State, but it is by no means confined to those places, nor is it without existence in the strict country districts. It is a feeling that has grown and will grow, and must some day be recognized and met by the lawmakers. But the way to meet it is not by patching up the statutes, but by repealing and simplifying the laws so that they shall apply to and regulate matters only within their natural localities and democratic provinces. When the laws of the State are so simplified, they will no longer undertake to prescribe for free citizens how Sunday, or Monday, or any other day of the week shall be spent.

A JUST MEASURE.

Senator Ahearn has introduced a bill requiring the Trustees of the Fireman's Relief Fund to pay a pension of \$1,000 to the widow of any fireman killed in the discharge of his duty, and \$500 a year to any orphan child or children he may leave.

The bill ought to go through. An objection is made on account of the heavy charge it would be on the fund. Such an objection only proves the necessity for the law. If, as alleged, the expense would be heavy, then such deaths must be numerous, and it is the more desirable to provide some relief for the families of the killed.

A fireman's life is always in danger. His pay is not large enough to enable him to save. While he is in receipt of his salary his family can be comfortably provided for. But at any moment they may be left penniless. When the life of the husband or father is sacrificed to the public duty, it is just that those dependent on him should be protected. The only question is whether the pension should not be a charge on the city instead of on the Fireman's Fund.

SOME SPRING VALLEY SLEEPERS.

When peddlers of nerve tonics and sleep pills go to Spring Valley, N. Y., they will soon discover time and a great deal of money. The late Mr. Duryea, a house and go past Farmer Peter Duryea's house without knocking at the door or stirring up the dogs. Mr. Duryea and his family went to bed early Saturday night and slept so soundly until 7 o'clock Sunday morning that they missed the arrival of the peddlers. The peddlers, some valuable live stock perished while they snored.

Not a thing did any of them know about the conflagration until the ruins were cold, and the barn was only 500 feet distant from their dwelling. There is no insurance among the Duryeas. Mens sana in corpore sano must be the case with them. Think of it, ye thousands who are dream-ment and night-mare tossed in this town—who wake and roll and reach out for forty winks—what wouldn't ye give to sleep the solid, undisturbed sleep of those Duryeas?

The selfishness and cupidry of the silver element in Congress were strikingly shown by the surrender of the fight for the Free Silver bill in the Senate yesterday. All the bluff and bluster about fighting it out on this line if it took all the money in the Treasury to do it, as it became a matter of the silver coin and not to pay mine-owners a dollar for fifty cents' worth of metal.

It is much fairer that Platt should go to Albany than that Albany should come to him. He doesn't come under the anti-slavery amendment. He is not a public officer. He is only a ridiculous Boss.

De Voe and the February weather are for once in accord. The Professor said it would be mild to-day. But a cold wave set down for last Monday.

A truly wise Legislature would now quit fooling with a ridiculous Boss and pass the laws for which New York City has made an overwhelming demand.

The time wasted on the Idiotic Theatre Hat bill at Albany could have been usefully occupied with discussion and action on the Greater New York measure.

Jersey City is ahead of us in the death rate for 1894. But Jersey City need not worry; this health report is right close to them.

Platt compares his belting Assemblymen to the foolish virgins. He forgets that Mayor Strong has power to furnish the necessary oil.

Philadelphia Republicans hadn't the strength of reform convictions. They were there differed from New York City Democrats.

As a business-bug the "Woman's Cause" at Washington can give cards and spades to the other Congress down there.

The success of the Philadelphia ring would mean the "Big Game" in New York. It has placed our Summer supply of ice 50 per cent. ahead of that of last year and spoiled the chances of a retail dealer's Ice Trust. And not only has it assured us of cheap ice, but the immense ice crop gave work to thou-

A DAILY HINT FROM McDUGALL.



It Will Be a Cold Day if This San Rises on Platt.

when we will not hear of these unfortunate disagreements between employees and employers?

"Smiled at the anti-Platt pledge." Nevertheless, the Ridiculous Boss realized that he is "up against" a snag.

The Ridiculous Boss did not find new comfort on draught at the Executive Chamber in Albany.

Pennsylvania did not join the political revolution. It continues to be obstinately Republican.

Secretary Carlisle is here. He has come to take a few lessons in finance-ment.

Philadelphia wasn't equal to the occasion. Hence Dave Martin's smile.

The dog that barks and runs away may live to bark another day.

Fair woman is still at liberty to talk through her big theatre hat.

The idea spreads at Albany that public office is not a Platt trust.

Good for Assemblyman Paver and the rest of the Eleven.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor telephone monopoly."

The Ridiculous Boss doesn't grow less ridiculous.

Gov. Morton should veto Platt.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S DIARY.

Feb. 19, '95.—Platt has gone to Albany. He has heard the mutterings of revolt and wants to learn what they mean. Or else he does know the meaning and yet has hopes of being able to stop the rebellion before it has gone too far.

If Platt were a worthy leader in a worthy cause, there would be a suggestion of the pathetic in the fashion in which he has been driven from pillar to post, in a succession of personal defeats, since he first summoned the nerve to claim a share in the popular victory of last November. He has been disappointed in Strong, whom he didn't make, and in Morton, whom he was credited with making. He has been compelled to retreat at Albany and has lost the confidence of what he had fully considered to be his own Legislature. He called a council of war in New York City and got only a sufficient handful of warriors about him to make the affair a supremely ridiculous effort.

As I have said, all this would be pathetic if Platt and his cause were worthy. But they are not. He is the embodiment of selfish ambition—a sort of walking piece of political wax. He is a Republican, even only by accident, and not through any conviction that could pass under the name of patriotism, or of statesmanship. He has occupied more space in Empire State politics and in my diary than his personal deserts ever entitle him to. All spent to his departure from both.

No more appointments, as yet, by the Mayor. He runs on his own for the present. He has taught the people, however, to trust him, and not to be more impatient. I am more anxious now in a certain other direction than I am about the appointments immediately to come. I want that Police Court reform to get under way.

GREAT MEN OF OUR OWN TIME.

The selfishness and cupidry of the silver element in Congress were strikingly shown by the surrender of the fight for the Free Silver bill in the Senate yesterday. All the bluff and bluster about fighting it out on this line if it took all the money in the Treasury to do it, as it became a matter of the silver coin and not to pay mine-owners a dollar for fifty cents' worth of metal.

It is much fairer that Platt should go to Albany than that Albany should come to him. He doesn't come under the anti-slavery amendment. He is not a public officer. He is only a ridiculous Boss.

De Voe and the February weather are for once in accord. The Professor said it would be mild to-day. But a cold wave set down for last Monday.

A truly wise Legislature would now quit fooling with a ridiculous Boss and pass the laws for which New York City has made an overwhelming demand.

The time wasted on the Idiotic Theatre Hat bill at Albany could have been usefully occupied with discussion and action on the Greater New York measure.

Jersey City is ahead of us in the death rate for 1894. But Jersey City need not worry; this health report is right close to them.

Platt compares his belting Assemblymen to the foolish virgins. He forgets that Mayor Strong has power to furnish the necessary oil.

Philadelphia Republicans hadn't the strength of reform convictions. They were there differed from New York City Democrats.

As a business-bug the "Woman's Cause" at Washington can give cards and spades to the other Congress down there.

The success of the Philadelphia ring would mean the "Big Game" in New York. It has placed our Summer supply of ice 50 per cent. ahead of that of last year and spoiled the chances of a retail dealer's Ice Trust. And not only has it assured us of cheap ice, but the immense ice crop gave work to thou-

THE ALBANY BENCH SHOW.

Now that doggies are all the go, and puppies are quite the rage, the man who's not seen the kennel show is not a dog in his condition bewails. And when the blue ribbon is a fellow backs All the rest go to wagging their tails.

But there are another bench show Which is run by a choleric man, Where the doggies all sit in a row. As his features and knees and they wear, And around each one a throat is a collar— And an ugly collar at that— For it bears the sign of the dollar.

And the name written on it is PLATT! There are curs and puppies and puppies, And mongrels of nondescript breed; There are dogs and puppies and puppies, And dogs that are off their head. They pass all the time in growling; Their leashes they try hard to rip. But their boss can set them all howling Whenever he raises his whip.

The Albany bench show's a bad one, As its features and knees and they wear, And, although the dog's a bad one, Each cowed little dog they must draw. For they pity Platt's mongrel condition, And they don't like the war the show runs; And dogs must be good for four-footed men. They would much prefer four-footed men.

N. A. J.

BY OTHER EDITORS.

Can Anybody Else?

Many women can read Latin and Greek, and speak and talk easily about "collegiate," but few can make head or tail of the average railroad time table.—Allentown Leader.

The "Touchingest" Thing.

Mr. Platt's explanation of his betrayal of the hands of Mayor Strong is one of the "touchingest" things that ever occurred in American politics.—Washington Post.

Not Brier Days Yet.

It is said that Calvin S. Brier will be a candidate for President in 1904, and is already laying his plans. He had better make it 1908 or 1912. The country isn't going to the dogs yet, but it is.—Brooklyn (Morning) Times.

Mayor Strong's Right Notion.

Mayor Strong seems to have a notion, somewhat new and strange in New York, that he was elected to represent the people rather than a gang. More power to your elbow, Mayor Strong.—Chicago Mail.

Discriminating Reform.

Billwaller is going to keep the boys and girls off the streets after 9 o'clock. There are some of the boys, who ought to be shut up just after supper. Why this discrimination?—Minneapolis Journal.

The Police Man.

The really police man is not he who professes to be treating on your car, but he who is too thoughtful to tread on him at all.—Boston Traveler.

CASINO.

An "invitation full dress rehearsal" sounds awfully nice, doesn't it? The phrase has an unconventional behind-the-scenes-y twang, and you feel yourself to be a privileged being as you repair to the function. Such feelings of pleasure ended with a good many, as soon as they reached the Casino doors last night, for the "invitation full dress rehearsal" included every Tom, Dick and Harry in town. The accommodations were inadequate; people had to stand up; ladies fumed with displeasure, and some of the men, in dire anger, took their fair ones home before the performance began. The invitations read: "Mr. So-and-so and ladies." So if poor dejected So-and-so had chosen to arm himself with half a dozen damels he would have had a melancholy home. It would have been a case of "E dunno where E are."

The Casino has again tempted a vaudeville career, and will do so publicly to-night. The numerous attractions of which I had heard so much were not visible to the naked eye. A new green carpet was all I could spot. The interior was dimly lit, the lobby for the passing of the wassail cup, but they were in a most awkward position, and will interfere with the standers, who at Koster & Bial's are so comfortably arranged. Backs are to be placed on the orchestra seats, and struggle to become a music hall. A man began to smoke last night, in his seat, about four rows from the stage. Immediately an individual on the other side of the house sent for an usher. "Stop that man smoking," he peremptorily ordered. "Interfere with the show," the usher, "he may smoke here now." "Oh, he can," roared the incensed kicker, with a look as black as thunder. "Well, hang him! If he smokes, I'll smoke too." And he did.

The entertainment itself was dreadfully dull. Rudolph Aronson was so successful as a comic-opera purveyor that it is hardly to be wondered at that he finds vaudeville difficult at first. Koster & Bial are such lovely hosts. Their performance is so excellent and so satisfying that it must be fearfully uphill work to compete with them. Mr. Aronson, however, evidently didn't try to compete with them. His entertainment was not nearly as good as those to be enjoyed at Keith's or Proctor's. In fact, Keith will also prove a formidable rival, for it is astonishing what an array of admirable talent the enterprising Union Square manager commands.

Among the artists last night was a French imitator, who might be successful at the Ambassadeurs or L'Horloge in Paris, but who was manifestly out of place at the Casino. He gave imitations of Jules Greys, Casimir-Perier, Thiers, Rochefort and other French luminaries who are not now in the city. He was a lightning sketch artist, who probably entertained Noah in the ark; some fancy skaters, some acrobats and a very good interpretation of "Trial by Jury."

The opera was well sung, but it fell flat. "Trial by Jury" was the only thing that I thought it necessary to applaud, or perhaps the ladies and gentlemen present were still too angry at the discomfort to which they had been subjected to feel pleased. Any way, "Trial by Jury" deserved a better fate. After the opera there were some light songs, with jugglers, ventriloquists, pantomimes, &c., and the night closed with a very good performance of "Trial by Jury."

The face of Jolly little Charles Barton, who was such a valuable feature of the Casino arrangements formerly, was sadly missing. Imagine Mr. Aronson permitting typewritten criticisms of his dress to be read to the delighted among the journalists. That is the way the evening went. I got one of those beginning: "Last night there was a brilliant opening in the form of a dress rehearsal given by Mr. Rudolph Aronson at the Casino."

The entertainment itself was one of the best seen in this city. "The night of the night" was a very good one. Come back, O diplomatic Barton!

ALAN DALE.

TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

Relief Suggested for His That May Be Treated at Home.

To the Editor: Will you kindly tell me what proportions of Rochelle and Rochelle salts to use as a Spring medicine? J. R. A.

Take one part of cream of tartar to three parts of Rochelle salts.

J. A. N. Y.—The pain and swelling may be due to rheumatism. Try salicylate of soda. Give ten grains in water every three hours.

Mrs. R. G. Yonkers, N. Y.—Apply the tar and zinc ointment as directed above.

Will you please tell me what I can use to make the skin of my face smooth and white? M. M. Jersey City.

Apply a lotion composed of five grains of citric acid, one ounce of glycerine and one ounce of rose water several times a day.

Will you kindly inform me what to do for a discharge from one eye? POOR MAN, New York.

Cleanse the eye thoroughly several times a day with a warm saturated solution of borie acid. Use an ear syringe.

E. E. L. M.—You should consult a physician. Self-treatment is impossible in your case.

Will you please tell me what to do to keep my head free from dandruff? P. F. Greenville.

Shampoo your scalp several times a week with a solution composed of one ounce of green soap and two ounces of cologne water.